



VOICE MASTER CLASS

with

MARILYN HORNE

Mezzo-Soprano

Distinguished Professor of Voice

Finney Chapel

Sunday, October 16, 2005

3:00 P.M.

Ah tardai troppo... O luce di quest'anima (*Linda di Chamounix*) *Gaetano Donizetti*
Les filles de Cadix (de Musset) *Léo Delibes*

Ami Vice, *soprano*
Howard Lubin, *piano*

Questo amor, vergogna mia (*Edgar*) *Giacomo Puccini*
Look! Through the Port Comes the Moonshine Astray! (*Billy Budd*) *Benjamin Britten*

Aaron Agulay, *baritone*
Howard Lubin, *piano*

Habanera (*Carmen*) *Georges Bizet*
Die junge Nonne (Craigier) *Franz Schubert*

Katherine Lerner, *mezzo-soprano*
Howard Lubin, *piano*

Come Away Death (Shakespeare) *Gerald Finzi*
Sorge infausta una procella (*Orlando*) *G. F. Händel*

Jason Eck, *bass-baritone*
Sungha Lee, *piano*

Come scoglio (*Così fan tutte*) *W. A. Mozart*
Die Loreley (Heine) *Franz Liszt*

Megan Hart, *soprano*
Daniel Michalak, *piano*

Warm as the Autumn Light (*The Ballad of Baby Doe*) *Douglas Moore*
Ah! per sempre io ti perdei (*I Puritani*) *Vincenzo Bellini*

Edward Parks, *baritone*
Howard Lubin, *piano*

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Dananberg Residency Fund.*

*Please refrain from the use of video cameras unless prior arrangements
have been made. The use of flash cameras is prohibited.
Please turn off all cell phones, pagers and watch alarms. Thank you.*

TEXTS

Ah tardai troppo... O luce di quest'anima (*Linda di Chamounix*)

Donizetti

Ah! I delayed too long, and at
Our favorite meeting-place did not find
My dear Carlo; and who knows
How much he will have suffered!
But not as much as I! He left me
These flowers as pledge of love!
Loving heart! And for that heart,
His sole gift, I love him.
We are both poor,
We live by love and hope;
Although still an unknown painter,
With his talents he will rise!
Then I shall be his wife. How happy we shall be!

O light of my heart,
Delight, love and life,
Our lot will be united
On earth and in heaven.
Oh come to me, rest
On this heart that loves you,
Sighs and longs for you
And will live for you alone.

Les filles de Cadix (de Musset)

Delibes

We had just seen the bullfight,
Three lads, three young girls,
On the green it was fine,
And we danced the bolero
To the sound of the castanets:
If my looks please you,
And if my skirt is becoming this morning
Do you think my waist is slender?
The girls of Cadiz have a liking for that.

And we danced the bolero,
A Hidalgo approached us,
His clothing stitched with gold, a feather in his hat,
And his fist on his hip.
If you fancy me, brunette with a sweet smile,
You need only say so.
This gold is yours.
Go on your way, handsome sir,
The girls of Cadiz do not listen to that!

Questo amor, vergogna mia (Edgar)

Puccini

This love—my shame—
I should want to break off, to forget;
But of a terrible enchantment
My feelings are slaves.
Thousands of times I swore to heaven
To flee from her,
And I came back to her!
She laughs about my weeping,
And I, wretched, with my heart broken,
Humble myself at her feet.
She laughs about my weeping;
She makes fun of my disdain,
And I, wretched, with my heart broken,
Humble myself at her feet.
And only her I dream about.
I desire!
Ah, misfortune!
I love her—love her!

Look! Through the Port Comes the Moonshine Astray! (Billy Budd)

Britten

Look! Through the port comes the moonshine astray!
It tips the guard's cutlass and silvers this nook;
But 'twill die in the dawning of Billy's last day.
Ay, ay, all is up; and I must up too.
Early in the morning aloft from below.
On an empty stomach, now, never would it do.
They'll give me a nibble bit of biscuit ere I go.
Sure, a messmate will reach me the last parting cup.
But turning, turning, turning heads away
From the hoist and the belay.
Heaven knows who will have the running of me up!
No pipe to those halcyons.
But ain't it all sham?
A blur's in my eyes; it is dreaming that I am.
But Donald he has promised to stand by the plank,
So I'll shake a friendly hand ere I sink
But no! No! It is dead then I'll be, come to think.
They'll lash me in hammock, drop me deep,
Fathoms down, fathoms—how I'll dream fast asleep.
I feel it stealing now; roll me over fair.
I'm sleepy and the oozy weeds about me twist.

Habanera (*Carmen*)

When will I love you?
Good lord, I don't know,
Maybe never, maybe tomorrow.
But not today, that's certain.

Love is a rebellious bird
That nothing can tame,
And it is simply in vain to call it
If it is convenient for it to refuse.
Nothing will work, threat or pleading,
One speaks, the other stays quiet;
And it's the other that I prefer.
He said nothing; but he pleases me.
Love! Love! Love! Love!

Love is the child of the Bohemian,
It has never, never known any law.
If you don't love me, I love you,
If I love you, be on guard!

The bird you thought to surprise
Bat its wing and flew away;
Love is far away, you can wait for it;
If you wait for it no more, it is there!
All around you, quickly, quickly,
It comes, goes, then it comes back!
You think to hold it, it avoids you;
You think to avoid it, it holds you!
Love, love, love, love!

Love is the child of the Bohemian,
It has never, never known any law,
If you don't love me, I love you,
If I love you, be on guard!

Die junge Nonne (Craigher)

Schubert

How loudly the howling wind roars through the tree-tops!
The rafters rattle, the house shudders!
Thunder rolls, lightning flashes,
And the night is as dark as the grave!

All the same, ever all the same,
So it raged in me not long ago as well:
My life roared like the storm now,
My limbs trembled like the house now,
Love burst into flame, like the lightning now,
And my heart was as dark as the grave.

Now rage, you wild, powerful storm,
In my heart there is peace; in my heart there is calm.
The groom is awaited by the loving bride,
Cleansed by the purifying flames,
To eternal Love betrothed.

I await you, my Saviour, with a yearning gaze!
Come, my heavenly bridegroom, take your bride,
Rescue her soul from earthly imprisonment.
Listen: the bell rings peacefully from the tower!
That sweet tone invites me overpoweringly to eternal heights.
Halleluja!

Come Away Death (Shakespeare)

Finzi

Come away, come away death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it!
My part of death no one so true,
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be thrown:
Not a friend, not a friend greet,
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:
A thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there!

Sorge infausta una procella (*Orlando*)

Händel

A dismal tempest is brewing
That darkens the sky and the sea,
Then a brilliant star shines
Bringing cheer to every heart.
Even a strong person may err,
But delivered of his error,
That which formerly gave him pain
Now brings him great joy.

Come scoglio (*Così fan tutte*)

Mozart

Foolhardy ones!
Go from this place, and do not profane
With your infelicitous uttering of abominable words
Our devotion, our hearing, and our affections!
In vain for you, or for others, in vain to seek
To seduce our souls; the unsullied faithfulness,
That for us is already pledged to our dear lovers,
We will preserve until death,
In spite of the world and fate.

Like a rock standing immovable against the winds and the tempest,
So forever this heart is strong in faith and in love.
With us is born that flame that pleases and consoles us;
And death alone could change the affections of our hearts.
Respect, abject ingrates, this example of constancy,
And may your barbarous hopes not render you audacious again.

Die Loreley (Heine)

Liszt

I don't know what it means that I am so sad.
A legend from old times will not leave my thoughts.
The air is cool, and it grows dark, and quietly flows the Rhein;
The mountaintop sparkles in the evening sunshine.
The loveliest maiden sits there in splendor.
Her gold jewels flash, she combs her golden hair.
She combs it with a golden comb and sings a song
That has a wonderful, powerful melody.
Then the sailor in his little boat is gripped with a wild longing;
He does not see the rocky cliff; he looks only up to the heights!
I believe the waves finally engulf sailor and boat,
And that is what, with her singing, the Loreley has done.

Warm as the Autumn Light (*The Ballad of Baby Doe*)

Moore

Warm as the autumn light,
Soft as a pool at night,
The sound of your singing, Baby Doe.
And while I was listening I was recalling
Things that once I had wanted so much
And forgotten as years slipped away.
A girl I knew back home in Vermont.
The sea in New Hampshire
The first sight of the mountains.
They say I've been lucky,
There's nothing my money won't buy.
It couldn't be I was unhappy
Or was missing the good things of life.
But only tonight came again in your singing.
That feeling of wonder of longing and pain.
Deep in your lovely eyes.
All of enchantment lies.
And tenderly beckons, Baby Doe.
Dearest Baby Doe.

Ah! Per sempre io ti perdei (*I Puritani*)

Bellini

Now wherever will I flee?
Wherever will I hide my terrible sufferings?
How those songs resound in my soul as bitter weeping.

Oh Elvira, oh my gentle desired one.
I have lost you forever!
Without hope and love,
What is left for me now in this life?

Ah, I have lost you forever,
Flower of love, oh my hope.
Ah, the life that is left to me
Will be full of sorrow!
As I wandered for years and years
In the power of destiny,
I defied misfortune and sufferings
In the hope of your love.

